

Sketch

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Flight

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nothing, racing to new heights, sliding to new depths, always gracefully, rhythmically. He was not playing; his fingers strayed too meaninglessly over the keys. The music came from without him. Herb found himself under its enchantment, but he was not watching the player. He was watching the girl in yellow—and wondering.



Flight

By Rosemae Johnson

I HAVE an hour to dream in,
 An hour to look at the sky,
 An hour to swing into swift, singing space,
 To be joyously lonely, and I
 Shall coast on white sails through the blue
 Up above, with the blue up above me still.
 I shall ride on a cloud through white tempests
 Of clouds. I shall reach to the sunset and fill
 Every round ringing moment with transparent gold,
 Every short mile with wind-hastened flight.
 Every ray of the sun shall store ages of sun
 In my soul. I shall never know night.

I Am a Sandburg--

By Bruce Armstrong

I AM a Sandburg
 I write poetry
 I write free poetry, very free poetry, yea, even free
 verse
 I don't charge anything for it, in fact
 I don't believe it's worth anything, and
 I can't make poetry steal in on cats' paws.
 I believe I had better stop writing poetry, really
 I would make a much better fish peddler
 —Fresh fish!

